

For we may pittie, though not pardon thee.

*Merch.* Oh had the gods done so, I had not now  
Worthily tearm'd them mercilesse to vs:  
For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,  
We were encountred by a mighty rocke,  
Which being violently borne vp,  
Our helpefull ship was splitted in the midst;  
So that in this vniust diuorce of vs,  
Fortune had left to both of vs alike,  
What to delight in, what to sorrow for,  
Her part, poore soule, seeming as burdened  
With lesser waight, but not with lesser woe,  
Was carried with more speed before the winde,  
And in our sight they three were taken vp  
By Fishermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.  
At length another ship had seiz'd on vs,  
And knowing whom it was their hap to saue,  
Gaue healthfull welcome to their ship-wrackt guests,  
And would haue rest the Fishers of their prey,  
Had not their backe bene very slow of saile;  
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.  
Thus haue you heard me seuer'd from my blisse,  
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,  
To tell sad stories of my owne mishaps.

*Duke.* And for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,  
Doe me the fauour to dilate at full,  
What haue befallne of them and they till now.

*Merch.* My yongest boy, and yet my eldest care,  
At eightene yeeres became inquisitiue  
After his brother; and importun'd me  
That his attendant, so his case was like,  
Rest of his brother, but retain'd his name,  
Might beare him company in the quest of him:  
Whom whil' I laboured of a loue to see,  
I hazarded the losse of whom I lou'd.  
Five Summers haue I spent in farthest *Greece*,  
Roming cleane through the bounds of *Asia*,  
And coasting homeward, came to *Ephesus*:  
Hopelesse to finde, yet loth to leaue vnought  
Or that, or any place that harbours men:  
But heere must end the story of my life,  
And happy were I in my timelie death,  
Could all my trauels warrant me they liue.

*Duke.* Haplesse *Egeon* whom the fates haue mark't  
To beare the extremitie of dire mishap:  
Now trust me, were it not against our Lawes,  
Against my Crowne, my oath, my dignity,  
Which Princes would they may not disanull,  
My soule should sue as aduocate for thee:  
But though thou art adjudged to the death,  
And passed sentence may not be recal'd  
But to our honours great disparagement:  
Yet will I fauour thee in what I can;  
Therefore Marchant, Ile limit thee this day  
To seeke thy helpe by beneficiall helpe,  
Try all the friends thou hast in *Ephesus*,  
Beg thou, or borrow, to make vp the summe,  
And liue: if no, then thou art doom'd to die:  
Iaylor, take him to thy custodie.

*Iaylor.* I will my Lord.

*Merch.* Hopelesse and helpelesse doth *Egeon* wend,  
But to procraftinate his liuelesse end. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Antipholis Erotes, a Marchant, and Dromio.*

*Mer.* Therefore giue out you are of *Epidamium*,  
Left that your goods too soone be confiscate:

This very day a *Syracusan* Marchant  
Is apprehended for a riual here,  
And not being able to buy out his life,  
According to the statute of the towne,  
Dies ere the wearie sunne set in the West:  
There is your monie that I had to keepe.

*Ant.* Goe beare it to the Centaure, where we host,  
And stay there *Dromio*, till I come to thee;  
Within this houre it will be dinner time,  
Till that Ile view the manners of the towne,  
Peruse the traders, gaze vpon the buildings,  
And then returne and sleepe within mine Inne,  
For with long trauaile I am stiffe and wearie.  
Get thee away.

*Dro.* Many a man would take you at your word,  
And goe indeede, hauing so good a meane. *Exit Dromio.*

*Ant.* A trustie villaine fir, that very oft,  
When I am dull with care and melancholly,  
Lightens my humour with his merry iests:  
What will you walke with me about the towne,  
And then goe to my Inne and dine with me?

*E. Mar.* I am inuited fir to certaine Marchants,  
Of whom I hope to make much benefit:  
I craue your pardon, soone at five a clocke,  
Please you, Ile meete with you vpon the Mart,  
And afterward comfort you till bed time:  
My present businesse calls me from you now.

*Ant.* Farewell till then: I will goe loose my selfe,  
And wander vp and downe to view the Citie.

*E. Mar.* Sir, I commend you to your owne content. *Exeunt.*

*Ant.* He that commends me to mine owne content,  
Commends me to the thing I cannot get:  
I to the world am like a drop of water,  
That in the Ocean seekes another drop,  
Who falling there to finde his fellow forth,  
(Vnseene, inquisitiue) confounds himselfe.  
So I, to finde a Mother and a Brother,  
In quest of them (vnhappy) loose my selfe.

*Enter Dromio of Ephesus.*

Here comes the almanacke of my true date:

What now? How chance thou art return'd so soone.

*E. Dro.* Return'd so soone, rather approacht too late:  
The Capon burnes, the Pig fals from the spit;  
The clocke hath stricken twelue vpon the bell:  
My Mistris made it one vpon my cheeke:  
She is so hot because the meate is colde:  
The meate is colde, because you come not home:  
You come not home, because you haue no stomacke:  
You haue no stomacke, hauing broke your fast:  
But we that know what 'tis to fast and pray,  
Are penitent for your default to day.

*Ant.* Stop in your winde fir, tell me this I pray:  
Where haue you left the mony that I gaue you.

*E. Dro.* Oh fixe pence that I had a wensday last,  
To pay the Sadler for my Mistris crupper:  
The Sadler had it Sir, I kept it not.

*Ant.* I am not in a sportiue humor now:  
Tell me, and dally not, where is the monie?  
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust  
So great a charge from thine owne custodie.

*E. Dro.* I pray you iest fir as you sit at dinner:  
I from my Mistris come to you in post:  
If I returne I shall be post indeede.

For she will scoure your fault vpon my pate:  
Methinkes your maw, like mine, should be your cooke,  
And strike you home without a messenger.

*Ant.* Come *Dromio*, come, these iests are out of season,  
Referue them till a merrier houre then this:  
Where is the gold I gaue in charge to thee?

*E. Dro.* To me fir? why you gaue no gold to me?

*Ant.* Come on fir knaue, haue done your foolishnes,  
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

*E. Dro.* My charge was but to fetch you frō the Mart  
Home to your house, the *Phoenix* fir, to dinner;  
My Mistris and her sister staies for you.

*Ant.* Now as I am a Christian answer me,  
In what safe place you haue bestow'd my monie;  
Or I shall breake that merrie sponce of yours  
That stands on tricks, when I am vndispos'd:  
Where is the thousand Markes thou hadst of me?

*E. Dro.* I haue some markes of yours vpon my pate:  
Some of my Mistris markes vpon my shoulders:  
But not a thousand markes betweene you both.  
If I should pay your worship those againe,  
Perchance you will not beare them patiently.

*Ant.* Thy Mistris markes? what Mistris slaue hast thou?

*E. Dro.* Your worships wife, my Mistris at the *Phoenix*;  
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner:  
And praies that you will hie you home to dinner.

*Ant.* What wilt thou flout me thus vnto my face  
Being forbid? There take you that fir knaue.

*E. Dro.* What meane you fir, for God sake hold your  
Nay, and you will not fir, Ile take my heeles. *(hands:)*

*Exeunt Dromio Ep.*

*Ant.* Vpon my life by some deuise or other,  
The villaine is ore-wrought of all my monie.  
They say this towne is full of cofenage:  
As nimble luggers that deceiue the eie:  
Darke working Sorcerers that change the minde:  
Soule-killing Witches, that deforme the bodie:  
Disguised Cheaters, prating Mountebanks;  
And manie such like liberties of finne:  
If it proue so, I will be gone the sooner:  
Ile to the Centaur to goe seeke this slaue,  
I greatly feare my monie is not safe. *Exit.*

## Actus Secundus.

*Enter Adriana, wife to Antipholis Sereptus, with  
Luciana her Sister.*

*Adr.* Neither my husband nor the slaue return'd,  
That in such haste I sent to seeke his Master?  
Sure *Luciana* it is two a clocke.

*Luc.* Perhaps some Merchant hath inuited him,  
And from the Mart he's somewhere gone to dinner:  
Good Sister let vs dine, and neuer fret;

A man is Master of his libertie:  
Time is their Master, and when they see time,  
They'll goe or come; if so, be patient Sister.

*Adr.* Why should their libertie then ours be more?

*Luc.* Because their businesse still lies out adore.

*Adr.* Looke when I serue him so, he takes it thus.

*Luc.* Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.

*Adr.* There's none but asses will be bridled so.

*Luc.* Why, head?

There's nothing situa

But hath his bound in

The beafts, the fishes,

Are their males subie

Man more diuine, the

Lord of the wide wor

Indued with intellect

Of more preheminen

Are masters to their f

Then let your will att

*Adri.* This seruiti

*Luci.* Not this, bu

*Adr.* But were you

*Luc.* Ere I learne l

*Adr.* How if your l

*Luc.* Till he come

*Adr.* Patience vnn

They can be meeke, cl

A wretched soule bru

We bid be quiet whe

But were we burnd

As much, or more, we

So thou that hast no v

With vrging helpele

But if thou liue to see

This foole-beg'd pati

*Luci.* Well, I will

Heere comes your ma

*Enter*

*Adr.* Say, is your t

*E. Dro.* Nay, hee's a

two eares can witnes

*Adr.* Say, didst th

his minde?

*E. Dro.* I, I, he tol

Beshrew his hand, I f

*Luc.* Spake hee so

his meaning,

*E. Dro.* Nay, hee f

feele his blowes; and

scarce vnderstand the

*Adri.* But say, I p

It seemes he hath gre

*E. Dro.* Why Mistr

*Adri.* Horne mad

*E. Dro.* I meane no

But sure he is starke m

When I desir'd him to

He ask'd me for a hun

'Tis dinner time, quor

Your meat doth burn

Will you come, quot

Where is the thousan

The Pigge quoth I, is

My mistresse, fir, quor

I know not thy mistre

*Luci.* Quoth who

*E. Dro.* Quoth my l

no wife, no mistresse

tongue, I thanke him,

for in conclusion, he c

*Adri.* Go backe ag

*Dro.* Goe backe a

For Gods sake send so